

Daniel Maynard – drawings

I have been drawing just to pass the time away since childhood. No one really influenced me or insisted that I continue this hobby. I would draw for quite a while and then go long periods without picking up a pencil. In high school, I took art and really enjoyed it. The teacher allowed me to draw and express what I wanted to put on paper. I started to make art for high school events and soon all the clubs in school asked me to make work for upcoming events.

I joined the Marine Corps just out of high school and was stationed in Newport, Rhode Island. They assigned me to the US Naval War College as a military police. While there, I made friends with the Director of Drafting and War Game Department. He allowed me to work in the department on my time off and learned to make maps. It wasn't what I would call experience in art work but allowed me to work with different grades of pencils and see how I could produce different shading effects. This experience soon ended as I was sent to Vietnam with the First Marine Division. However, my time in the War College had a great effect on my drawings in later life.

After I was discharged from the Marine Corps, I worked in the grocery business where I learned newspaper layouts and created art projects in the stores. I was able to use my own imagination on display art, using assorted mediums. This inspired me to start making art at home using pencils and charcoal. Many years later, I went to work in the hotel industry in Ogden and then Salt Lake City. During this time, I had given up on making art and was concentrating on a career in hotel engineering with a plan to become Director of Hotel Engineering for Woodbury Corporation. I never let my wife know that I liked to draw. One night I had sketched a portrait of an Indian on some typing paper and my wife was amazed. I told her I loved to do art but had given it up a long time ago. She encouraged me to start again and even helped put together a studio in our house. The drive to draw soon came back quickly and I was entering art contests with Western Art.

I spent years drawing portraits of Indians and anything that was related to the West. I would enter my drawings in state and local events every year. I won second, third, and fourth places but could never get that first place win. One day, I drew a combat scene from a picture that I entered in the State Fair and won first place in professional graphics. Ever since then, I've been hooked on Combat Art and have developed a flair for it.

For me, combat was never a colorful event. I always remember the areas in Vietnam as dirty and dusty or extremely wet and muddy. These to me weren't the same as the colorful world we came from in America. I felt that images of war were better shown in black and white.

I draw as much detail as possible by using mechanical pencils and sharp wood pencils. I show every fold in the clothing, every wrinkle in the face and hands of the soldier, every button and snap. I remember the grime of combat. Because we couldn't wash clothes or equipment it would build up over time. On firebases, the water was so scarce that we went months without washing even our face and hands. I try to illustrate the dirt and mud, how it cakes on the equipment and clothing. I try to show what soldiers experienced, no matter where the combat. When I draw, it brings back the sight and smells of what I remember. I can still sense the jungle, the sweat, the bugs, and the tension we experienced as we walked. Those who were in Vietnam quickly relate to that in my pictures, and they can remember also.